

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

"Ah," he said to me, "so you're come to try and enlighten our Hottentots about a thing or two in this world and the next. Well, you can only do your best, you know; we'll try to make you comfortable and back you up. Come all the way from London today, I suppose;—have you got yourself fixed up yet in the village?—what some author chap—Matthew or Mark Summat or other—calls a 'Lancashire Hell-hole.' Well, we're not quite so bad as that yet here, but we're getting to it. But it can't be helped, you know; we've gone forrard and we must go forrard; as the rabbit said when he let 't' weasel get him into a hole. Yes, 'Hell-hole'; but it should be a useful change for you; it may give you an idea when you want to describe to your congregation the real—"

"Jim, lad," interrupted his sister, "you're forgetting yourself?"

"Eh? Oh?—ah, well I can remember, you know, when all round about here was as sweet and pretty a place—I was born back o' th' White Moss' (indicating that locality over his shoulder), 'Toppleton way.'"

Thus the full, quaint and careless stream of his talk flowed on, meandering about one person and another, this subject and that. He seemed a well of curious and fearsome Lancashire lore—the days when spinning and weaving were done in the cottage homes of remote hamlets and homesteads, when Lancashire energy applied itself to useful work and not to useless toil, when its fabrics were made to be worn and not merely to be sold—the days when the steam engine was not yet with its all-devouring, all-enveloping machinery.

We had talked thus for about an hour—or, rather, listened to Mr. Birley talk—when he paused and looked round (he had been slighting in his chair for some time).

"What's got 'Manule'?" he said, addressing his sister. "Is he stuck till midnight in his laboratory again? Doesn't seem as if that smoke was to come off tonight. In Paul's house now it used to be 'Smoke where you please'—drawing room or anywhere. Poor Paul!"

I was astonished and alarmed to see Miss Lacroix rise hurriedly, and glide without a word from the room. Mrs. Steinhardt made as if she would follow her, but she did not. She sank back in her chair with a sigh.

"Jim! Jim!" she exclaimed, reproachfully. "Why will you say things, when you know the poor girl cannot bear allusions to it?"

"Ah," said Birley, humbly. "Poor lass!—Her father," he explained, turning to me, "has never come back from London. Poor Paul!" He was visibly affected.

"He had to go to the law courts there," said Mrs. Steinhardt, "more than a year ago, about some dreadful business of the chemical works—he was my husband's partner."

"Hildersheimer v. Lacroix and Steinhardt"—(Frank turned on the music stool to correct his uncle's pronunciation.) "Well," said he, "that's all right; anyway that was the case. May be"—turning again to me—"you remember it in the papers. It was about the infringement of a chemical patent 'Manuel had put them up to in his eternal laboratory.'"

"Nay, uncle," interrupted Frank, flushing up. "It wasn't father's fault more than anyone else's."

"Ay, lad," said Birley, "of course you know all about it. But you're right to stand up for your father. However, Paul, as the chief of the firm, went up to London to fight the case; he fought and lost to the tune of 20,000 pounds damages—which, I suppose, drove him mad, poor fellow, for he's never come back—made away with himself, very likely, or, somehow, got made away with."

"But, surely," interrupted Frank again, "it could hardly be the damages did it, uncle? You remember he went to Paris after the trial about some pattern business for the print works, and then got back to London again?"

"Ay, lad—out 20,000 pounds damages can make a man feel very queer all the way to Paris and back. At any rate, poor Paul's gone—lost in the great London wilderness."

"It is a very extraordinary affair," said I. "But I don't remember seeing anything of it in the papers."

"It got into the papers, though," said Birley, "to some extent—not much. We didn't want a noise about a private, painful thing like that."

"But," said I, wondering, "I suppose inquiries were made?"

"They made inquiries high and low," said Birley; "they laid detectives on, and everything, but nothing came of it. Did there, Frank?"

"No," said Frank—"nothing at all."

"Did you try to trace him out of London?" I asked. "I suppose they did," said Birley.

"Yes—oh yes," said Frank. "I wondered that Birley should keep using the word 'they.' Had he borne no share in the investigation himself? I had my thought answered at once."

"I wasn't able to go to London myself," said Birley; "I was laid up with a broken leg; and, when I got better, I didn't think it was any use my going. There was an end of Paul—that was certain; for he wasn't the man to knock under like, and get lost just."

In a little while Miss Lacroix returned, with apology for her withdrawal.

"I had a little of headache," said she.

I now saw more clearly the encroachments which grief, and what I cannot describe by other words than "anxious waiting," had made on a young life which would, unoppressed, I was sure, have been so full of spirit and mirth. I longed there and then with an earnest desire that I might do something to brighten her life, to remove the weight of uncertainty and grief which burdened it, and preyed upon it.

But I had little further opportunity for talk with her that night. In a few minutes Mr. Steinhardt returned. We heard then what were the casualties resulting from the falling of the bell tower. A horse had been killed, as also, had been a sow with her litter; and two pigs had been so injured that the butcher had to be summoned. We were now invited into the smoking room; but Mr. Birley rose, and said he must be going; he would smoke his pipe on the way home "wi' th' parson."

"Parson smokes, I suppose?" said he, laying his hand on my shoulder.

So he and I departed together. The valley was asleep under a white pall of fog; but the weird tongues of flame still flickered on the slope and ridge behind and beyond us (from coke ovens, my companion explained), and the tall chimneys dreamily and intermittently smoked. The great chimney of the chemical works, however, emitted not so much smoke as a thin pinkish vapor, which stole away imperceptibly over the neighborhood to poison all green things, and to filter through the cracks and crevices of doors and windows, to trouble sleepers with lethargy and headache.

"By George!" exclaimed my companion. "He'll get fined again some day. Paul used to be always at him about it. Poor Paul!"

So ended my first evening in Timperley—a memorable evening for me. I had made the acquaintance of one whom I have reason now to call as dear a friend as I have ever known, and as good a man as fortune has ever neglected, and of another who is now the dearest of all earth's creatures to me.

CHAPTER II.

I frequently looked in upon the ladies at Timperley Hall, and took a four-o'clock cup of tea with them (not, however, to the neglect of other, if less pleasant, parochial visitations). During these visits we talked without that constraint which somehow Mr. Steinhardt's presence imposed upon us. Miss Lacroix and I agreed in our opinions concerning the ruthlessness with which Lancashire pushed on its industrial way; we often astonished poor Mrs. Steinhardt (sometimes even ourselves) by the warmth with which we would discuss the outrage done to man and nature.

One afternoon we talked thus. It was well on in springtime; the stream was running full and all nature, in spite of drawbacks, was striving to look green. I told them how that morning I had stood by the little plank bridge just below Timperley Hall, looking across at the dreadfully lumbered little peninsula on which the ruined spinning mill stood, when there turned up at my elbow an old man whom I knew by sight as an ex-handloom weaver.

"A fine brook, that, parson," he said.

"Yes," said I, suiting my reply to what I thought his persiflage; "what a pity no trout seem to know of it!"

"Ah, but," said he, sadly, "there were trout in it wunst; though there's been none for mony a day. Trout! Aw dely anything to live in that, bout gettin' cured first, like a red herrin' or a sallymander! There was a lad drowned like as it might be this spring, and he were never found till like as it might be next back end, down their in that mud; he were not gone at all, but he were cured thro' and thro'; black, mon—black!"

This I told; and then I continued: "Drowning, they say, is an easy death; but to drown in such a stream as that seems horribly repulsive. I fancy no one would care to commit suicide in it."

I perceived my stupid blunder as soon as I had spoken; I had not thought that what I said could be taken as "allusive" to the disappearance of Mr. Lacroix.

"Excuse me," said Miss Lacroix, rising hurriedly. "I do not feel very well. Do not come, Mrs. Steinhardt; I shall get better by myself."

I of course made apology to Mrs. Steinhardt for my stupidity.

"Yes," said she; "you see she can't bear any kind of allusion to her father's end. She told me soon after she came here (she couldn't, you know, go on living in that big house up there all by herself)—she told me a strange dream she had once or twice when her father was missing—the strangest thing, but I scolded her so, she has never said another word to me about it. Still I fancy she thinks a great deal about her father, though she does not say much; they were rare and fond o' one another."

That very evening I unexpectedly learned from Miss Lacroix herself what that strange dream was. I was returning by moonlight from the house of a parishioner along that same road which first brought me upon the valley. Passing the pond on my right (which I before mentioned as reflecting the lighted windows of the many storeyed mill), I observed a figure, cloaked and hooded, standing on the margin of the pond under one of the trees. I paused a minute, while my heart beat with apprehension, and then I passed through a gap in the fence and approached. The figure turned quickly, as if im-

patient at the intrusion, and in the pale moonlight I recognized the face of Miss Lacroix.

"Miss Lacroix!" I exclaimed. "You here!"

"Oh, Mr. Unwin," she began, in evident tension of feeling. "I could not rest indoors, and so I came down to see Uncle Jaques; I could not remain with him, and so I came out here to look at this, which always fascinates me."

"Look!"

I stood by her side and looked; this is what I saw: An inverted reflection of the tall chimney of the chemical works which was emitting, as it often did late in the evening, its strange pinkish vapor; this vapor in the reflection looked as if it were slowly rising from the bottom of the pond, and, as its color blended with the tints the water somehow took as the breeze ruffled it this way or that, produced the impression of a slowly shimmering cauldron of red, green, and copper-brown flame. This was so wonderfully weird a fancy that I confess I felt my skin creep. I turned my eyes away, and then looked again, and again, but the impression was ever the same.

"It's indeed very strange!" I said.

"Is it not?" said she. "You see it also?" Mr. Unwin, she went on, turning suddenly to me, and speaking with a vehemence which increased as the words came, "I have wished to tell you. You are a clergyman, and must hear me make my confession; and you will keep it secret to yourself. You have heard, perhaps, that my father—my dear father!—is thought to be dead, now just a year ago?"

"I have," said I.

"He went to London and to Paris on business, and he never came back. It happened while he was away that I lived all by myself at home. I slept sound that night without dreaming, when suddenly I had a dream. I saw vapor or flame slowly rising just like that—I saw a man plunge into it, and I knew the man was my father—I felt he was. I awoke at once all trembling and did not go to sleep again. That was all my dream."

"Are you sure," I said, "that you had not heard some one—Mrs. Steinhardt, for instance—suggest that he had been drowned, and then you went and dreamt of the peculiar appearance of this pond?"

"No, no, no!" she protested with rapid vehemence. "Did I not say that I dreamed it the very night on which all trace of him was lost from his hotel in London? Nobody thought then that he was not coming home soon. And I do not think I had noticed this pond then. I have dreamed the same dream several times since, but that may be nothing at all. I shall very likely dream it tonight."

I turned away from the pond and she followed me. We walked along in silence for some distance.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, at length, "I do long so very much to know what has really happened to my dear father—my poor father!"

"I wish I could help you to find out," I said; "indeed I do. You may be sure I shall think of all you have told me, and shall try to discover anything more. I have friends in London who may be of use, if I may mention it to them."

"Oh, certainly," she answered. "You are very kind. Baron's Hotel, Great Queen Street, is where he was last heard of."

At a certain corner where the lane to Timperley Hall diverged from the way through the village, she insisted on parting from me. I let her go with little hesitation, for I knew there was no fear of her being molested.

It may be presumed that while I smoked my post-coena pipe I thought over the strange scene at the pond, and all that Miss Lacroix had said. It was certainly very mysterious, but all the conclusion I could reach concerning it that night was a resolve to go and look at the pond by day.

(To be continued.)

Where the House Acted Hastily.

The house does funny things sometimes. It passed a bill the other day establishing a lighthouse on the coast of North Carolina. The second section of the bill provided that the act approved March 3, 1901, be, and the same is hereby repealed. The act thus wiped off the statute books at one fell swoop was the mundry civil appropriation bill, which appropriated millions and millions of dollars for the expenses of the government. In the senate the bill was amended so as to be less sweeping in its effect.—Washington Post.

Industrial Consumption of Gold.

The industrial consumption of gold in the United States in the calendar year is estimated to have been \$16,667,500, and in the world approximately \$75,000,000. Although the United States led the world last year in the production of gold, our imports of the metal exceeded our exports by the sum of \$12,866,101. The stock of gold coin in the country, including bullion in the mints, at the close of the fiscal year was estimated at \$1,124,952,818, and the stock of silver coin at \$610,477,925.

Worth of a Compliment.

Most compliments sound something like this: "They say he is a thief, but he never stole anything from me. It may be because I have watched him closely, but so far I have never missed anything." When you feel that your friend deserves praise, why pay tribute to his enemies in praising him?

So Stupid.

"Who was that you just spoke to?" asked the first Chicago woman; "his face was rather familiar to me."

"I believe," said the other, "his name is Jenks—Henry Jenks."

"Oh! to be sure. How stupid of me! He was my first husband."—Philadelphia Record.

WEST POINT.

United States Military Academy Is One Hundred Years Old—Greatest School in the World for the Training of Soldiers—Hard Study and Strict Discipline the Rule—Over Four Thousand Graduates.



THE COLONEL.



"PRESENT ARMS."

THE United States Military Academy at West Point is 100 years old. Originating in an atmosphere of doubt when the prospects for its success were dim, and when the idea of the United States developing a standing army with trained officers was scouted generally, the usefulness of the institution has long since been demonstrated. Its list of graduates contains the names of men whose achievements in military, civil and private life give them a place among the greatest of Americans, and the influence of its teachings has been felt by Mexicans, Spaniards, Filipinos and Chinese. The American army is not equal in numbers, nor in its demand upon the taxpayers, to those of European countries, but its fighting qualities have been demonstrated repeatedly, and in its successes West Pointers have been conspicuous figures and West Point military science has most excellently displayed itself. The National Military Academy must therefore possess an interest for, and be a source of pride to every patriotic American.



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Founded by Congress. The conception of a military academy in this country dates back to 1770, when the lack of competent officers led to the appointment of a committee for the Continental Congress to prepare a plan of a military academy, but nothing was done until March 10, 1802, on which date Congress passed a law founding the military academy at West Point.

tion which now prevail. Under his successors, however, some other departments have been added, and the course of instruction, which is quite thorough, requires four years. The principal subjects taught are mathematics, French, drawing, drill regulations of all arms of the service, natural and experimental philosophy, chemistry, chemical physics, mineralogy, geology, electricity, history, international, constitutional and military law, Spanish, civil and



HEADQUARTERS BUILDING, WEST POINT.

military engineering, the art and science of war, ordnance and gunnery.

Discipline is Very Strict. The discipline is very strict and the enforcement of penalties more severe than in the army. Examinations are held in January and June, and cadets found proficient are given their proper standing, while cadets who are deficient are discharged. The examinations are exceedingly hard, and there is none which does not bring out a large number of failures. Cadets are allowed but one leave of absence during the four

The present head of the institution is Col. Albert L. Mills, who has been superintendent since 1898. Among his predecessors have been Robert E. Lee, Peter G. T. Bennegard, John M. Schofield, Thomas G. Ruger, Oliver O. Howard and Wesley Merritt.

Some Exacting Conditions.

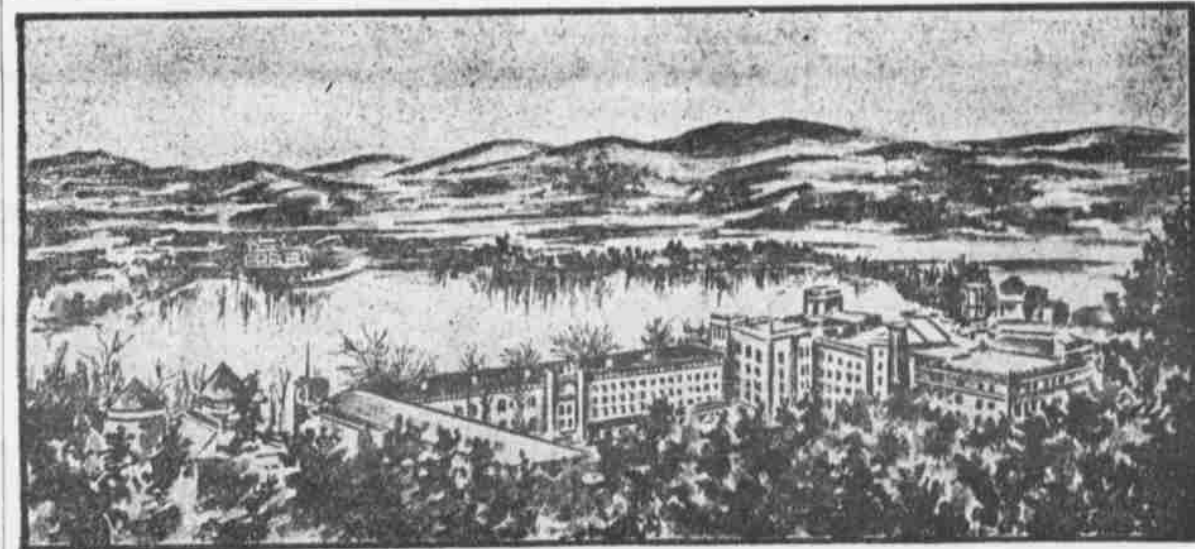
If the young man who has to work his way through Harvard or Yale were compelled to live in a room as bare as the quarters of a cadet, he probably would give up his education and go home in disgust. The cadets don't mind it, however. The son of the multi-millionaire who enters the academy sleeps on his springless iron cot with its hard mattress, sweeps the floor diligently before daybreak in winter, and washes in the ice cold water which he draws from a hydrant in the area of barracks and carries to his room in a wooden bucket. The "pitcher" is a gourd dipper; the wash stand is of pine and is probably worth 50 cents.

There is no school in the world that has an exacting discipline as has Uncle Sam's military academy. Not long ago an English clergyman visited the place, and after a thorough study of the methods employed said: "It's magnificent, but it's a beastly grind."

A penalty of seven days' confinement for mailing a letter before a fixed time in the morning is imposed. A cadet found a mile from the West Point buildings after 10 o'clock at night is taken back and locked up for six months. These are examples of the style of punishment which prevails.

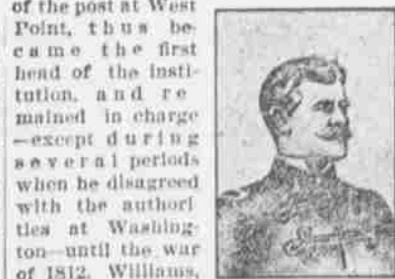
Relics of Manila.

On the mantel in Assistant Secretary of State Criddle's office at the State Department are several interesting relics of the famous battle of Manila in the shape of fragments of a shell from



GENERAL VIEW OF THE UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY AT WEST POINT—ON THE HUDSON. (Showing the academy buildings in the foreground, the great campus in the middle and Hudson River and highlands in distance.)

which was then an army post. The artillery and engineers of the army were made a distinct corps, to be stationed at West Point and constitute a military academy. The senior engineer officer was to be superintendent. Jonathan Williams, who was then in charge of the post at West Point, thus became the first head of the institution, and remained in charge except during several periods when he disagreed with the authorities at Washington—until the war of 1812. Williams, who was a grand-nephew of Benjamin Franklin, had studied military science in France, and it was he who gave our army its first engineering corps. The title of "Father of Engineers" was bestowed upon him. Besides his work at the head of the academy, he built most of the fortifications in New York harbor, including Fort Columbus, Castle William and Clinton (the latter being afterward Castle Garden), and Fort Gansevoort. He resigned from the army after the Federal authorities gave command of Castle William to a junior officer during the war of 1812. He died in Philadelphia in 1815, after having been elected to Congress, and before he could take his seat.



GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT.

While the efforts of Col. Williams did much for the academy, the real initiation of the institution dates from the appointment of Brivet Major Sylvanus Thayer, who took command July 18, 1817, and during sixteen years was at the head of the academy in which he had previously gained his military education. Thayer practically made the school what it is. He established the office of commandant of cadets and instructor of tactics, arranged a course of studies, established the system of ten months' study at the academy and two months of camping; and introduced practically all the methods of educa-

years' course, and this is granted at the expiration of the first two years. The pay of a cadet is \$540 per year and is sufficient for his support. The number of students at the academy is usually about 450, each Senator, Congressional District and Territory—also the District of Columbia—being entitled to one cadet, while thirty appointments at large are permitted the President of the United States. But all the places are not, at all times, filled. There are at present three cadets from Venezuela, Costa Rica and Ecuador, who were permitted to enter by special act of Congress and who pay their own expense. Appointees to the academy must be between 17 and 22 years of age, free from physical infirmity and able to pass a careful examination in reading, writing, orthography, arithmetic, grammar, geography and United States history. Upon graduation cadets are commissioned in the United States army as second lieutenants, with yearly pay of \$1,400 for unmounted and \$1,500 for mounted officers.

Since the establishment of the academy over 4,000 cadets have graduated and among them have been not only some of the foremost military men of the country, but also distinguished civil engineers and noted college professors.

Gen. Winfield Scott once said: "I give it as my fixed opinion that but for our graduated cadets the war between the United States and Mexico might, and probably would, have lasted some four or five years, with, in its first half, more defeats than victories falling to our share; whereas, in less than two campaigns, we conquered a great country and established a peace without the loss of a single battle or skirmish."

Its influence was also great in the Civil War; and this may be said without reflecting in any manner upon the thousands of gallant and resourceful volunteers who pushed their way to the head of the army. The two great generals—Grant and Lee—were West Pointers. In the recent Spanish-American war, the academy's graduates did not play so important a part.

one of Admiral Dewey's six-inch guns and several large shells captured at Cavite arsenal after the defeat of Montejó. These relics were presented to Secretary Criddle by Consul Wildman, and their history is inscribed upon them. The fragment of the six-inch shell, which is rusty from exposure to rain, smashed the Spanish commandant's house at Cavite, destroyed \$10,000 worth of property and killed five Spaniards. The shells, from which the charges have been removed, are unlike any that are in use in the service of this government. They are about eight inches long, one inch in diameter, and the bullet is made of steel instead of lead. Around the bullet is a band of brass, which shows beyond question that the Spaniards were using ammunition which is proscribed by civilized nations. Although Secretary Criddle receives relics from consuls in all parts of the world, he prizes none so highly as he does the piece of projectile which did such effective execution in the first foreign war in which this country has been involved since the war with Mexico, and which was the means of raising American gunners in the eyes of all the nations of the world.—Washington correspondence St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Willing to Admit It.

"Don't you think she has a queenly figure?"

"I never saw a queen, but if they weigh 200 pounds and have double chins, I guess she has."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Berlin's Criminal Book.

Berlin's Black Book, the criminal record kept by the police, now consists of thirty-seven volumes, containing 21,000 photographs of criminals of all classes.

Many a girl's distant manner may be traced to the fact that she had onions for dinner.

The logical deduction from many a so-called statement of facts is fully 100 per cent.